



# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 8.

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Vol. XXXIV.

HOLINESS  
TO THE  
LORD

DESIGNED  
FOR THE  
ADVANCEMENT  
OF THE  
YOUNG

GEORGE Q.  
CANNON  
EDITOR

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# Books and Authors

## THE 25 BEST NOVELS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.



ONE of our competitions, which closed on January 15th, was designed to furnish an answer to the question "What are the twenty-five best novels in the English language?" Readers were invited to send in lists; and several hundred were received in answer to the request. Each list was treated as a ballot paper; and the best twenty-five novels was determined by the votes thus registered. In all, the large number of 352 novels were voted upon, but the following twenty-five secured the largest number of votes.—*Family Herald and Montreal Star*.

- |                                 |                  |                                       |                     |
|---------------------------------|------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Uncle Tom's Cabin.....       | <i>Stowe</i>     | 14. Last Lynne.....                   | <i>Wood</i>         |
| 2. David Copperfield.....       | <i>Dickens</i>   | 15. The Mill on the Floss.....        | <i>Eliot</i>        |
| 3. Ivanhoe.....                 | <i>Scott</i>     | 16. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush..... |                     |
| 4. Vanity Fair.....             | <i>Thackeray</i> | 17. Kenilworth.....                   | <i>Ian Maclaren</i> |
| 5. Lorna Doone.....             | <i>Blackmore</i> | 18. Waverley.....                     | <i>Scott</i>        |
| 6. Jane Eyre.....               | <i>Bronte</i>    | 19. Pickwick Papers.....              | <i>Dickens</i>      |
| 7. Ben Hur.....                 | <i>Wallace</i>   | 20. Henry Esmond.....                 | <i>Thackeray</i>    |
| 8. Adam Bede.....               | <i>Eliot</i>     | 21. Westward Ho.....                  | <i>Kingsley</i>     |
| 9. John Halifax, Gentleman..... | <i>Mulock</i>    | 22. The Old Curiosity Shop.....       | <i>Dickens</i>      |
| 10. Scarlet Letter.....         | <i>Hawthorne</i> | 23. Oliver Twist.....                 | <i>Dickens</i>      |
| 11. Robinson Crusoe.....        | <i>Defoe</i>     | 24. Tom Brown's School Days.....      | <i>Hughes</i>       |
| 12. Last Days of Pompeii.....   | <i>Lytton</i>    | 25. Heart of Midlothian.....          | <i>Scott</i>        |
| 13. Vicar of Wakefield.....     | <i>Goldsmith</i> |                                       |                     |

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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1899.

No. 8.



THE SERPENT EATER, OR SECRETARY BIRD.

### THE SERPENT-EATER.

OUR illustration gives a view of the Serpent-eater, or Secretary Bird, in the act of attacking its prey. This bird was a puzzle to naturalists to classify, its long legs being like those of the wading birds, while in other respects it was more like the vultures, with which it is now included. It feeds exclusively on reptiles, and is a native of Africa, Asia and the Philippine Islands.

The Secretary Vulture—which is said to have received its name from the early Dutch settlers on account of the pendent feathers on the back of the head, which reminded them of the pens stuck behind the ears of writing-clerks—is about three feet in length, the plumage of a bluish gray colour, and feeds on various reptiles, which it devours in great numbers.

It fearlessly attacks the most venomous serpents, stunning them with blows of its wings. The wings, which are short, and provided with long protuberances, are most destructive weapons, and the bird uses them with much skill to disable the serpent. On approaching him, it carries forward the point of one of its wings in order to parry his venomous bites, and waits till it finds an opportunity to spurn or tread on its adversary, or take him on its pinions and toss him up into the air. When it has at last thus wearied him out, it kills and devours him at leisure. Small serpents are swallowed entire, the larger ones torn to pieces.

The Secretary is most frequently seen in pairs or solitary. They pair about July, the male bird having first engaged in sanguinary conflict for the choice of his mate. Their nest, which is flat, and lined on the inside with down and feathers, is constructed in the thickest bushes or on the loftiest

trees, in which two or three eggs of a whitish hue, spotted with red, are laid.

The young ones are very late in leaving their nest, for they are slow in acquiring full development, it being nearly four months before they are able to stand firmly and run about with complete freedom.

It being easily tamed when taken young, the colonists have made a domestic bird of it to protect their poultry against the incursions of serpents and rats.

With the inhabitants of the poultry yard it is on good terms, and when it sees any of them quarreling, it will run to part the combatants. It must be confessed, however, that unless well fed it does not scruple to help itself to a plump chicken.

Figuier says that in 1832 the Secretary Bird was introduced into the French West Indies, particularly Guadaloupe and Martinique, on purpose to make war upon the rattlesnake, a dangerous reptile swarming in those countries.

Here we have a bird that seems especially endowed by our Heavenly Father to serve man by devouring creatures which, if left to increase too rapidly, would become a terror to the inhabitants of those countries, and yet such reptiles are necessary in their turn to destroy other vermin. And thus we find in nature a perfect law controlling all things.

*J. K. Bloomfield, in Golden Days.*

### FOUR YEARS IN NEW MEXICO.

COME with me, dear little friends of the JUVENILE, and we will take a journey this stormy morning to far-off New Mexico—the Espanola Valley, where I lived for four years. It is seven hundred miles from here, so it will be quite a



journey. Shall we go by team and wagon so many weary miles? I can hear some say, "Oh yes, that would be very nice." So here we go, over mountains, now through beautiful valleys, camping in the great forests, now on the lonely plains, then by beautiful, clear rivers, now through storm and wind. Here is a great hill; we must get out and walk, as the poor horses cannot pull us. See the hills and mountains everywhere! Oh, so tired! We are too tired tonight to eat supper, so climb in the wagon, kneel in the little bed, ask the Father in prayer to watch over us and protect us from harm; then with the sighing of the wind, and the lonesome bark of the coyote, we are off in dreamland.

This for seven hundred miles. Now I think I hear some one say, "Oh that will be too long and hard a journey; let us go by train; so we take the R. G. W., say a fond farewell to the loved ones at home, seat ourselves on the nice cushioned seats, and conclude this is much the better way to travel. We fairly fly over the hills and plains and through tunnels. Finally the conductor cries out, as he passes through the train, "Salida Junction;" and we must change cars here. "Four hours late," is the cry: a stop of twenty hours to make connection. Well, we must make the best of it!

When the time comes we are on board again and settle down in the seats with a feeling of satisfaction, until the cry is "Alamosa." Here is another change. We are now in the beautiful San Juan Valley, Colorado, and it is only ninety miles ride to our destination, though very tedious, as we are coupled on a freight train.

As we reach the Espanola Station a sad, lonely feeling comes over us. See the small villages of Mexicans and In-

dians, scattered all over the valley, their adobe houses always flat roofed! There must be fifty small towns in this valley. But there is a place in the center of this valley three miles in length and five miles wide, where are some American houses. That is a Mormon town. Let us get off at the station and see them. We cross the great bridge which spans the Rio Grande. A ride or walk of three miles and we enter the little town from the west. Here are a few comfortable houses, and hundreds of fruit and shade trees. The street is wide. Look at the nice sidewalks lined with shade trees. But the people have become discouraged and many have moved away. They have tried and labored hard, but it is difficult to make a home here, Mexican labor is so cheap. They sell their land in yards or rods, as few men own more than a small strip of land.

Let us take a walk up this street running north. See how this road is worn! It has been traveled three hundred years by Mexicans and Indians, to Santa Fe, where they go to trade, twenty-eight miles to the south.

First let us see how these Mexicans farm. There are six or eight men with one small pony each and a small plow, scratching the ground. One follows the other, until they have this small piece of ground plowed; then they go to the next man's land. That is the way they help one another. Now it is harvest time, and we will visit that small wheat field, where we see so many men at work. They are cutting wheat with the old-time sickle. When this is cut they move to another or the next man's wheat. No outlay here, no expenses. It is threshing time now. See the boys driving that herd of goats and burros to that stack of grain, where some wheat is laid down on the hard, clean ground, as clean

as broom can make it! The burros and goats are driven on to this, and round and round they go until the stack is finished. Then the next man's wheat is treated the same way. This wheat is washed by the women and dried, then it is taken to their own little mill, where it is ground into graham flour.

The Indians do the same. These are the Pueblos and they seem very intelligent. Papa says they are the most independent people on the earth. Their wants are few and they raise all they want to eat. They make their own shoes, also beautiful blankets, and assist one another in many ways. Let us step into that house you see there. A very small window, if any, no floor. "How do you do, my friends?" greets you; the house is completely covered with red peppers in the fall which the people use in their food; walls white as snow—no matter how poor, the same white walls.

A Mexican church stands two miles distant from this little Mormon town. That is the Santa Cruz church. The Mexicans tell us it is three hundred years old, and claim it is the oldest church in America. This is disputed, as some say the church in Santa Fe is older. Be that as it may, it is surely a very old church. The long buildings we are told is where the priest buries the Mexicans that die, and when the place is full, and the bodies are decayed, the bones are thrown out to give room for more. My papa, who made the present spires on the church, found human bones all over the ground, and he thought he would get on the church roof, as it is flat, to eat his lunch; but on looking around, there were human bones and teeth all over the roof, too.

It is now the twenty-fourth day of June and it is called "San Juan day" by Mexicans and Indians. You can see the

combined Mexican and Indian town in the distance six miles away, and horsemen, carriages and other vehicles by the hundreds going to the celebration. Every one has on holiday attire; the Mexican ladies with their beautiful silk dresses, and here and there a Pueblo with a silk parasol. Now we pass the beautiful rock building the government built for the Pueblos. If we step in, we see the Mexican people touch their fingers in a rock basin of holy water, and cross their breast. There are hundreds of wax lights burning, ivy climbing the rocks, and some beautiful statues. Outside is a great brass image, which the Mexicans call the Virgin Mary; and as the men pass by this image they uncover their heads. There is always some one kneeling at the feet of this image. Here come seven priests, all in flowing robes, and there are twenty-four Mexican girls all dressed in pure white marching behind them. They march around this image then into the old church.

The Indians pay no attention to this. They are off in the distance with their war paint and feathers, dancing the war dance. How frightful it all looks! See their sham battles and hear the war whoop! It makes you turn cold with fright. We feel so lonely, and long for civilization; at last we wend our way homeward to the little town, and as we close our eyes in slumber we dream of the red man, of his tomahawk and scalping knife and the great brass image.

It is the Sabbath morning. Here come fifteen or twenty children to Sunday School, as there is a Sunday School organized here; and there are some of the Stake Presidency visiting this little place today. What a nice time listening to the inspired words of these good men, as they talk to us on the glorious principles of the Gospel! What a feeling of



peace and love rests in our bosom! And we feel to thank our Father for His goodness towards us.

It is now the day before the Fourth of July, and we are going to have a celebration on the morrow. Papa has bought some red, white and blue cloth, and mamma and Aunt Ellen are going to make the flag. Here come the men with the liberty pole! At sunrise the Stars and Stripes are unfolded to the breeze, and with a salute of guns. Then little Daniel, eight years old, plays "Marching Down to Old Quebec," while up goes the first flag to be raised in the Espanola Valley by a citizen.

Another year has passed, and how still and quiet all seems in the little town. Do you know why? Death has come in our midst. Our dear Aunt Ellen has departed this life. And we mourn her loss, though she had no desire to live longer. Her's was a life of good works. She crossed the great ocean many years ago with a company of Saints from England; crossed the Plains in the ox teams that were sent for them, settled in Arizona when few people lived there, and when trouble came to the Saints, she had to flee to Old Mexico with her husband. Soon he was called to the great beyond, and her three children being grown, she only waited the Father's time to call her home. Papa stepped into her little home early one spring morning; and with a sweet smile she grasped his hand with these words on her lips: "The long-looked-for time has come;" a firmer clasp, and she was gone.

Let us take a trip in those beautiful mountains west of us! You must not get frightened if I tell you there are a great many bears in those canyons, also deer and wild turkeys by the hundreds. What grand scenery this is! See that clear stream of water! We will pitch

our tent here where we can listen to the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will, the first, grandpa says, that he has heard since leaving the States so many long years ago. I need not say much of our trip in this great canyon, as you will say we have also nice canyons at home. But I have heard men say they had traveled through the great Arizona forests and been in Utah canyons, and had never seen anything so grand and wild as this mountain retreat. Hundreds of people from the great cities of the world come here seeking health and rest.

I will have to tell you what an experience my brother had with a bear. After chopping ties all week and being very tired, one Sabbath morning he lay on his cot with book in hand in his tent. A young companion was with him, and all was still. The great pines were thick around them, and they were lost in reverie and study. My brother glanced up as a dark shadow came across the tent door; "a bear!" he cried; and he went through a hole in the back of the tent and up the first pine tree. His companion, thinking he was playing a joke on him, waited a few seconds, when at last he glanced up. Then he, too, went out of the back of the tent, for there stood Mr. Bear in the door, taking a survey of the premises. After Bruin had satisfied himself with looking around and had walked leisurely away, the young men got down from their tree and, finding one cartridge, they killed Mr. Bear, with the help of an ax.

It is now the early month of spring and it is Lent, and these strange people, the Mexicans, have some very curious ideas. In different localities close to the foot hills are some small houses which are their "whippie" houses, where they keep their weapons of torture and go through many strange ceremonies, we are

told. See those torchlights and hear the plaintive strange song of the Mexicans as they pass. The old man at the head of the procession is their leader, and those following one after the other are stripped to the waist, a red handkerchief tied firmly around their heads, and wearing white drawers. They have a long leather strap, with a piece of glass, flint or cactus fastened securely on the end, which they throw first over one shoulder and then the other with both hands, drawing blood with every step. There are no doubt a great many Mexicans that do not do this, but there are hundreds that afflict themselves just in this way; and they tell you if they have stolen, or committed any sin, and then punish themselves in this way, they are forgiven of their sins.

My friends, we will now return to our dear homes in Utah. You have learned a very little of these strange people, the Mexicans, and a few of the many interesting scenes of my four years in the Espanola Valley, New Mexico.

*Beatrice.*

---

#### A STORY AND ITS INFLUENCE.

---

I HAVE read a great many stories in my time; but to tell you which of them has had the greatest influence for good upon my life, would be a thing impossible for me to do. I remember some, however, which have considerably influenced me, and I will tell you one of them, hoping that you will receive as much benefit from it as I have. Although it is but a short time since I read this story, it has already been of great help to me, and has inspired me to do things which, before I read it, I did not have courage enough to undertake. The story

which I am about to relate has come down to us from the Persian, and appeared about a year ago in the *Strand Magazine*.

This is the story:

In an eastern city there once lived a young prince named Azgid. He was virtuous and accomplished, but had one fault—he was a bit of a coward!

Prince Azgid's father had recently died, and he was looking forward to his coronation. A few days before the day fixed for the ceremony, the old vizier called upon the prince and informed his royal highness that before he could ascend the throne he must, in accordance with an ancient custom, fight a certain huge red lion which was kept in a den within the precincts of the palace.

The prince, upon hearing this, was so frightened that he made up his mind to run away. He rose in the night, dressed himself hastily, mounted his horse, and left the city. Thus he journeyed for three days.

In the course of the third day, as he rode through a beautiful, thickly-wooded country, he heard the sound of exquisite music, and presently overtook a handsome youth, who was leading a few sheep, and playing upon a flute. The young man having courteously saluted the stranger, Prince Azgid begged him to go on playing, for never in his life before, said the prince, had he listened to such enchanting strains. The player then told Azgid that he was a slave of a wealthy shepherd named Oaxus, to whose abode, which was close at hand, he offered to conduct the traveler.

The prince gladly accepted this invitation, and in a few moments was entering the house of Oaxus, who accorded him a hearty welcome, and placed food and drink before him. When Azgid had finished his meal, he

felt it incumbent upon him to make some sort of explanation to his host.

"Doubtless," said he, "you wonder who I am, and what is my errand in coming thither? I can tell you this much—that I am a prince whom trouble has driven from home. Pardon me if I do not divulge my name; that is a secret which must be securely locked within my own breast. If convenient to you, I would gladly remain in this delightful spot. I have ample means, and can remunerate you for your kindness."

Oaxus assured his guest that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to entertain him for as long a period as he cared to stay, and he begged him not to think of offering any remuneration.

"And now, Isdril," added Oaxus, addressing his slave, "show the prince our fountains and waterfalls, our rocks and vales, for I perceive that he is one who can appreciate Nature's beauties."

The youth took up his flute and went out with the prince. After wandering awhile amidst romantic scenery, the two young men sat down to rest upon a rock in a shady valley. The slave put his flute to his lips and began to play. The prince loved music passionately, and the idea had already occurred to him that, if ever he left this fair retreat, he would like to purchase from Oaxus his accomplished slave.

Suddenly Isdril broke the spell of the prince's enjoyment by rising to his feet, with the words, "It is time for us to be going."

"Wherefore?" queried the prince. "Why should we quit this delicious spot so soon?"

"Because," replied the other, "the neighborhood is infested with lions. It is well, therefore, to retire early within our abodes, and close the gates. Upon

one occasion I lagged behind, and see the consequence."

He rolled up his sleeve and revealed a big scar upon his arm. Azgid turned pale, and, upon reaching the house, informed his host that he had changed his mind, and found himself obliged to ride on further. He thanked Oaxus, bade farewell to him and to Isdril, and galloped off.

Again he journeyed for three days, and came to a vast desert, in the midst of which he beheld an Arab encampment. Thankfully he rode up to the black tents, for both he and his horse were worn out with hunger and fatigue.

He was received by a dignified sheik, to whom he made the same speech that he had made to the kindly Oaxus.

Sheik Hajaar, like the shepherd, answered to the effect that he desired no other remuneration than the pleasure of the prince's society, and that he should be delighted to keep his guest forever, if so it might be. He introduced Azgid to a large number of his friends, and provided for his use a magnificent steed.

A week passed. Day by day the prince accompanied the sheik in his antelope-hunting expeditions, which he enjoyed exceedingly. He quite thought that he was now happily settled for life, when one night, after he had retired to rest, Sheik Hajaar approached his couch, and said:

"My son, I have come to tell you how pleased my people are with you, more especially with the spirit you have shown in the chase. But our life is not wholly taken up in such easy recreations; we frequently engage in hard fighting with other tribes. All my men are seasoned warriors, and before they can have perfect confidence in you it is necessary that they should have some proof of your prowess. Two leagues to the south

is a range of hills infested with lions. Go, then, early in the morning, mounted upon your horse, and armed with sword and spear. Slay one of these fierce beasts, and bring us his skin; so shall we know that we may rely upon you in the day of battle."

When the sheik had left him, Azgid rose, dressed himself, slipped quietly out of his tent, and bade a sorrowful, affectionate farewell to the horse which the sheik had allowed him to use, now tethered with the others. Then he mounted his own steed, and rode forth into the night.

By the middle of the next day he was rejoiced to find that he was leaving the desert and entering a fair region of hill and dale, meadows and streams. Soon he came to a splendid palace, built of porphyry, and standing in the midst of a magnificent garden. The owner of the palace, a rich emir, was sitting in the porch, with his golden-haired daughter, Perizide.

Here, again, the prince was most kindly received. The interior of the building proved to be even more beautiful than the exterior. The rooms blazed with gold and precious stones; walls and ceilings were covered with valuable paintings; the windows were of the costliest stained glass. The emir set before his guest a collection of delicate viands.

The prince made his accustomed speech, avowing his rank, but concealing his name. He added also his customary request, that he might be allowed to remain for a time in the house of his present entertainer.

The emir replied politely that the prince was heartily welcome to remain until the end of his life, if he chose to do so. Then he begged his guest to excuse him for a few moments, as he

was expecting some friends, and wished to make preparations for their reception.

Thus Azgid was left alone with Perizide, with whom he was already in love. She took him into the garden, after exploring the beauties of which the pair returned to the house.

The palace, now illuminated from top to bottom, was full of company. The evening passed merrily. Observing a lute which lay upon a couch, the music-loving young prince begged Perizide to play to him. In the midst of his enjoyment, however, he was startled by a strange, loud sound, and asked his fair companion what it might be.

"Oh!" replied she, with a laugh, "that is only Boulak, our black porter, indulging in a yawn."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Azgid; "what uncommonly good lungs he must have!"

After the other guests had left, and Perizide had gone to bed, the emir and prince chatted together for some time. By and by, the former offered to conduct the latter to his sleeping apartment. When they came to the foot of the grand staircase, which was of white marble, Azgid, looking up, was horrified to behold an enormous black lion stretched upon the topmost landing.

"What is that?" faltered he.

"That," returned his host, "is Boulak, our black porter. He is a tame lion, and will not harm you if you are not afraid of him. He knows when anyone fears him, and then becomes ferocious."

"I fear him greatly!" whispered the prince.

As he could not be persuaded to mount the stairs, he had to return to the saloon, and repose upon one of the divans.

After the emir had left him, Azgid carefully locked the door and fastened

the windows. Then he lay down, but not to sleep. For he could hear the lion walking about, and once the beast actually came to the door, and, uttering a terrific roar, sprang against it with his fore-paws. The poor prince felt sure that the door would burst open, and that he should be devoured.

Nothing of the kind happened, however. In a few moments, Boulak went upstairs, and came down no more that night.

Azgid lay thinking. Evidently he had flown in the face of Providence when he had fled from the lion at home. Since then lions had met him at every turn. He resolved to submit to what was so clearly his destined duty—to return home and fulfill the condition required.

In the morning, therefore, he told the emir the whole truth. The kind old man had been acquainted with Azgid's father, the King Almamoun. He highly approved of the young man's resolutions, and, with a parting blessing, sped him on his way. But the prince had no opportunity of making his adieux to the fair Perizide.

Then Azgid rode back to the Arab camp, and confessed all to the good Sheik Hajaar. He also inquired after the beautiful horse.

"He is well," replied the other, "and I should be grateful if you would stay with us, and use him again. But it would be wrong to hinder you in your pious undertaking. Return to your home, and do your duty like a man!"

Azgid next visited Oaxus, to whom, as to the others, he revealed his name and parentage, confessed his fault, and expressed his repentance.

"Go, my friend!" said the kindly shepherd, "and may Heaven give you

strength to persevere in your laudable resolution!"

"Farewell!" answered Azgid; "greet Isdril for me, and tell him that I hope some day to return and listen to his sweet music, in spite of the lions."

Without further interruption, the prince rode straight home, and announced to the old vizier his intention to fight the lion.

The old man wept tears of joy at his prince's return, and it was arranged that the combat should take place in a week's time.

When the hour came, and the prince entered the arena, the lion gave a loud roar, and approached his opponent slowly with fierce looks. Azgid did not quail. With steady gaze he advanced, spear in hand. Suddenly the lion bounded forward, and with another roar, sprang clean over the prince's head. Then he ran joyously up to him, and began licking his hands with every demonstration of affection.

The vizier called out to the prince that he had conquered, and bade him leave the arena. The lion followed him like a dog.

"As you now see, Prince Azgid," said the old minister, "the lion is a tame one and would injure no one. You, however, were ignorant of this fact, and have satisfactorily proved your courage and valor by your readiness to fight him. Now, all will know that you are worthy to ascend the throne of your heroic ancestors."

Two men—one old, the other very young—came forward to congratulate the prince. They were Oaxus and Isdril.

"Prince Azgid," said the old shepherd, "as a memento of this happy day, allow me to make you a present." So saying, he pushed forward his slave Isdril.

"I heartily thank you, Oaxus!" said the prince, "and you, Isdril, are no longer a slave. From this moment you are free; but you shall be my companion, and delight me with your skill upon the flute."

Presently another little group presented itself. It was composed of Sheik Hajaar, some of his Arabs, and the horse which the prince had learned to love.

"Azgid!" said the sheik, "I congratulate you heartily, and beg your acceptance of this steed."

The prince thanked and embraced the sheik, and kissed the beautiful creature, who returned his caresses.

The emir was the next person to appear upon the scene. He was surrounded by a brilliant retinue, with music and banners.

"I have come to congratulate you," said he to the prince. "I have brought you no present, but I and all my belongings are yours."

"I am rejoiced to see you, noble emir!" replied Azgid. "And how is your lovely daughter? As soon as I am crowned, I intend to set off at lightning-speed to visit her."

"That will be needless," said the emir; "come with me." And he led the young man to a veiled lady, who sat upon a white horse. It was Perizide!

Then, by order of the vizier, the whole procession wended its way toward the palace.

Many thoughts and emotions stirred within the breast of the young prince. "When I fled from duty," reflected he, "everything went against me; now that I have fulfilled it fresh happiness meets me at every step."

The coronation—and also a wedding—took place on the same day. Azgid and Perizide reigned long and happily. By

the king's command, his adventures were recorded in the annals of the kingdom. And over the door of his palace were inscribed in golden letters, these words, "*Never run from the lion.*"

While I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this story, yet I find in the Bible one in many respects similar, of the truth of which we are all satisfied. I refer to the story of Jonah.

Jonah, you remember, was commanded by the Lord to go to the city of Nineveh and cry repentance to all the people. This mission was not acceptable to Jonah, and instead of obeying the Lord and performing his duty, he fled to Joppa and there took passage on a ship going to Tarshish. After they had put out to sea, the Lord caused a terrible storm to arise, and they were threatened with destruction. Realizing that this trouble had come upon them because of his disobedience, Jonah prevailed upon the mariners to take him up and cast him into the deep. They did so, and immediately the wind ceased and the sea became calm. A fish which the Lord had prepared swallowed the prophet, in its stomach he lay for three days and three nights. Then he cried unto the Lord, and repented having fled from his duty. The Lord heard him, and caused the fish to cast him up on dry land.

Then the word of the Lord came to Jonah the second time, saying, "Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee."

Jonah went to Nineveh and performed the mission which had been assigned him by the Lord, and when he had done so, the people, from the king down, began to fast, and in sackcloth and ashes they sat for a number of days, as an evidence of their humility and

repentance. This was acceptable to the Lord, and the terrible judgment which He had predicted against Nineveh was stayed, and all the inhabitants, numbering 120,000, were saved—and that because Jonah did his duty.

These stories should inspire us with courage to perform every duty, even though some of them may be unpleasant. Before I read the story of Prince Azgid and the lions I had shrank a number of times from what I looked upon as a very disagreeable task; but the day after I read that story I decided that I would do my duty. When I set out some of my relatives asked, "where are you going?"

"To fight the lion," I answered. To my surprise the duty proved to be one of pleasure, and the ferocious lion which I expected to meet, was as gentle and docile as a lamb. I hope my young friends will remember these stories, and that when duty beckons, they will remember Prince Azgid, and "Never run away from the lion."

*W. A. M.*

## THE BROWN BOYS' FARM.

### CHAPTER III.

#### Mr. Evans Returns.

ONE morning, several weeks after the boys had taken possession of their new home, Amos found it necessary to ask advice of their neighbor, Mr. Knowles, about some of the farm work. The time had so far been pleasantly and profitably spent. Amos had brought a number of books on farming, stock, and poultry, and by a careful study of these, together with the advice from his friends, he had been able to do a great deal of

fall work, and get things in pretty good condition for a long, hard winter.

Before the boys reached Mr. Knowles' farm, the clouds, which had gathered dark and gloomy, sent down a blinding storm of snow. The boys wisely turned all their attention toward keeping warm, leaving the horses to take their own course. The snow fell fast and faster, the wind blew furiously, and the road was soon lost under the soft, white covering. But the horses plodded on. The good animals knew where they were going, and before the boys were aware of it they had stopped at the door of their friend's home.

While her husband cared for the horses, Mrs. Knowles hurried the boys into the house and soon they were thawing out in dry, warm clothing before the kitchen fire.

"Now we have you here, we intend to keep you," said Mr. Knowles. "I can't tell you how anxious my wife has been about you all this time, nor how often she has said to me 'I wonder if those dear boys are all right.' I'd have been over to see you long before this, but I've been so busy I just couldn't leave. This storm won't last long, and when it is over we'll drive over and see that everything is all right for the winter, and then we'll make you stay with us. We'll bring the cow and calf back with us."

"I'm worried about them," said Paul. "I wanted to bring them along but Amos wouldn't. You see, they might suffer now that the grass is all covered up, or the bears might get them."

"There isn't much danger of that, and as the barn is open with plenty of hay in reach, they will be able to find food and shelter," said Mr. Knowles assuringly.

"It is very kind of you to offer, Mr.



Knowles, and I shall be glad to come," said Amos, gratefully, while Paul expressed his pleasure by giving Mrs. Knowles a hug.

And so it was arranged Mr. Knowles and Amos were to go to the "Evans farm" as it was still called, and make sure that everything was safe, and bring the animals back with them. Paul was to stay with Mrs. Knowles.

On the day before they expected to start, Mrs. Knowles fell and sprained her ankle.

"Well," said her husband as he tenderly bathed her foot, "I can't go now. Paul, you'll have to go along and take care of your brother. This dear little woman needs me now more than he does."

Both boys said they would rather put off their trip till later if they could be of any use to their friends now.

"No," said Mr. Knowles, "I can do all that is necessary, and this fine weather won't last long. I want you to get back here again before it storms."

As before, the horses had to use their instinct in finding their way, for the road was unbroken and the snow was very deep. It was nearly dark when they reached their home..

"Amos, Amos," called Paul excitedly; "there's someone there. Look, there's smoke coming out of the chimney. I wonder who it is. Maybe it's a robber."

Amos had seen the smoke, long before Paul had, and had felt a strange fear.

"Yes, I see it," he answered. "It must be Mr. Perkins giving us a surprise. It isn't robbers of course. There are no robbers around here, and if there were, they would not stay in our house; we have nothing to steal."

But in spite of his assumed courage and indifference, he was very much troubled. It was not Mr. Perkins, for

there were no wagon tracks, and no team or wagon at the stables. But that the house was occupied by some human being was certain, for a candle had now been lit, and by its light, Amos saw someone move around in the room. After they had unhitched the horses and put them in the barn, Amos told Paul to keep behind him, and, calling softly to Tiger, he picked up his gun and moved toward the house.

The dog was keenly alert. He scented danger. His great intelligent eyes looked up at Amos and then toward the door as his master talked quietly to him.

"Now, Tiger, if it's a friend or a woman, don't do anything. But if it's an enemy, jump right on him! You understand!" It seemed as if he did understand every word the boy said.

Amos had his gun ready for action, but he hoped he would not use it, for he had promised his sister never to shed human blood unless it was the only means of saving the lives of his brother and himself.

"Oh Amos, I'm afraid. Don't shoot him, will you?" whispered Paul.

"No, I hope not," said Amos with set teeth. "I'd rather be shot myself than to kill another."

As he spoke he opened the door, and Tiger with one bound sprang upon a man who was bending over the stove.

"Down, Tiger," called Amos, as the defenseless man wheeled around.

As Paul shut the door, the candle flamed up brightly and the light fell on the intruder's face.

It was John Evans.

The recognition was mutual and startling.

Before Amos could speak, Evans said hurriedly: "Don't shoot, Mr. Brown, please. I stole your money, but I brought every cent of it back. Here it

is. I never meant to trouble you again, but I wanted to come home to return your money and to die. I thought you'd have pity on me. And when I came and found no one here, I thought you'd deserted the place, so I came in and made myself comfortable."

The miserable man was so thoroughly repentant and forlorn that Amos felt a great pity for him. He took the gold and laid it on the table.

"Sit down, Evans, you are worn right out," he said kindly. "After supper you may tell us all about yourself, if you like. I don't believe you've had a square meal for two months."

"Not since I ate with you that night in town. I've been starving sometimes."

"Why didn't you use the money?" asked Paul; "we wouldn't have cared."

"A man can't eat gold, if he is starving," answered Evans; adding wearily, "I can't talk any more now, boys, but if you'll trust me, and let me stay all night, I'll tell you everything tomorrow."

Amos could see that the man needed rest, so he helped him to bed and then carried him a cup of hot tea and the remains of the lunch Mrs. Knowles had prepared for them. Tears of gratitude came into the sick man's eyes.

"You're too good to me, boy," he said feebly.

The next day he was so refreshed that he was able to give the boys an account of himself.

"I'll tell you my whole history," he said; "and then you can turn me out if you want to."

"When I was fifteen years old, I was driven from my home by a drunken father. My mother was dead and so I've just knocked around the world since then, and never had what could be called a home till I came here. I'm not such an ignoramus as you'd think from

my letter. I went to school three years in Chicago, paid my way by selling papers, and doing odd jobs. I don't know why I wrote the letter the way I did. I think I must have been crazy that night. I told a lie about being married, too. I never had a wife. I never loved any one in my life but my mother. I promised her when she died that I'd always try to do right, and never touch a drop of liquor. I've kept my word about that last, anyway. I came out here and took up this land and was happy till one night I dreamed a horrible dream about my father. For days after it seemed as if the whole place was haunted. I became terrified, and went away resolved never to come back. Then I saw you, and tried to sell you the place. After you'd gone to bed that night I was out on the porch. The moon was shining right on your bed and I looked in and saw you take off your belt and put it under your pillow. I was seized with an insane desire to have your money. I was afraid you wouldn't buy the place. I crept back into my room, shaved off my beard, wrote the note, and walked softly back to your window. You were sound asleep and the moon was behind a cloud, so I got safely away and stole a ride on the midnight freight. I hadn't gone far before I began to come to my senses. Before daylight I had jumped the train and started back here to confess, but I am a coward,—so I hid in the mountains."

"Were you afraid they'd kill you?" asked Amos.

"Yes. I didn't open the belt for days. When I did I was glad there wasn't more money in it. I thought there was about one thousand dollars."

"Your place is worth that. You ought not to have been afraid."

"I know its worth and I'd have brought it back if it had been a million; but such men as Bill Perkins wouldn't stop to consider anything like that. Around here a guilty man is shot down like a dog by any one. Each man takes it upon himself to be judge, jury, and executioner."

"But I wouldn't have let them, Mr. Evans."

"I believed that, so as soon as I could, I walked back here. I was picked up by a sheep herder who took care of me while I was sick. I was laid up for three weeks."

"You must have suffered dreadfully."

"Yes I did, but I can't talk about that. Now, Amos Brown, that was my first dishonest act, and I'll never do another, with God's help. Will you forgive me, and let me live with you?"

"You have brought us back our money and the place belongs to you, Mr. Evans. Paul and I are better off than when we came here, for we have made many friends. If we may stay with you till we look around, we will—"

"I gave you a quit claim. The place is yours. I haven't a friend but you on earth. All I ask is for you to give me a home till I die. Everything belongs to you. I won't last long. Promise me you will."

The poor man was so sincere in his request, that Amos grasped the hand he extended and gave a ready promise.

*R. C. I.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### DOING ERRANDS.

"George," called his mother from the back door one bright June day, "come here, my son, I want to send you on an errand."

"Yes'm," replied George not very

briskly, and he actually turned his back toward his mother so he could indulge in a scowl without letting her see him. Now, you must not conclude because George scowled on this particular occasion that he was a very ill-tempered boy, for that was not the case. He had his spells of ill humor, as we all have, but in the main he was quite amiable.

He had one particular good trait, which I must admit got him into more trouble than any of his bad ones; and that was, he was always doing something. Now if he felt inclined to pull weeds among the garden plants, or nail loose palings on the fence, or scour the knives and forks for his mother, the chances were that no one would have found fault with him; but when he wanted to experiment with the young turkeys to see if they could learn to swim, nail his little brother down in a box to play he was merchandise, or build a city with sticks and stones in the front yard, somebody was sure to take offense. If half the plans that originated in his fertile brain had been fully carried out, the world would have been quite a different place from what it is today.

On this particular occasion he was working like a whole company of construction engineers, building a bridge over the irrigation ditch that crossed the gravel walk in the act of carrying water to the kitchen garden.

This ditch was fully eighteen inches wide and six inches deep; and George did not consider it safe to ford it with his little wagon; and that is why he was building a bridge. He was anxious to finish it in a given time, too, because the water only flowed in that ditch three hours at one time, and he felt like there would be small satisfaction in bridging a dry creek. The fear that on his return

he would find "the faithless stream was dry," as Eugene Aram did, was the cause of the scowl I told you about.

George's little brother Harry was standing around in his way, asking all sorts of questions and making great pretense of helping "Dordy;" but since his clumsy little legs oftener placed him in the wrong place than in the right one, you may wonder, if you like, that a boy who could scowl would be willing and even glad to have him in the game; and after you have quite finished wondering, I will tell you the secret of it.

Harry could beat the world (no, I must make an exception of their Grandma Haven, their father's mother,) at admiring whatever his elder brother did. Besides this, he always accepted without question whatever George said; and these facts appealed so happily to George's manifest feelings that he found Harry more helpful to him than if he had been able to carry "stringers" on his own shoulders, and lay them in place with his own hands.

George gave orders to his small helper as if he had been a dozen men, and Harry, knowing they were only part of the play, not real commands, either answered placidly, "Yeth thir," or paid no attention whatever; and the work progressed rapidly. "All hands a holiday!" shouted George, and plunging his hands into the stream, he turned them over twice, and ran to his mother firmly believing his hands were clean. His mother disturbed this blissful belief by washing, brushing and "putting him to rights" vigorously. When he was nearly "to rights," little Harry pleaded to be allowed to "go to 'e 'tore" also; and George very nearly scowled again, and right before his mother's face this time; for he thought Harry's fat little legs could not run so fast as his longer ones,

and the failing of the stream would thus the more nearly mar his plans; but I am glad to say he remembered his good manners in time to stop the scowl.

While he was thinking these things over, his mother had quickly got Harry ready, and almost before George had time to object, Harry slipped his little damp hand into his brother's with a beaming smile. "Better take him along, George," said his mother, "because he needs to learn how to do errands himself; and some day he can go without you when you are busy."

This view of the case appealed favorably to George's practical mind, although the urgency of his own affairs just now made him wish he might defer the training of Harry a little longer.

"Now, George," said his mother, "go to Jones's store and ask him please to send your mother one spool of white thread, No. 24; one spool of black thread, No. 48; and one spool of pink thread, No. 50. Can you remember?"

"Yes'm," said George with confidence.

"Then tell it to me," she said cautiously.

George looked up and rattled off "One white 24, one black 48, and one pink 50." His mother laughed at his way of rushing through the list, but told him that was all right if he would remember he wanted thread; so she opened the front door for her boys to pass out, and charged George to take good care of his little brother, and hurry back.

George thought, but did not say so, that he was just as anxious to get back to his work as his mother was to get the thread; and that it was hardly fair for her to expect him to hurry after giving him Harry to take care of.

This thought of Harry recalled what their mother had said about Harry learning to do errands by himself; and

he made up his mind to begin Harry's education right then by having him do this errand under his own eye; and he proceeded at once:

"Harry, what are we going after?"

"Some fred," said Harry feeling quite proud because he had remembered something "Dord" had forgotten.

"What kind of thread?" pursued George.

"I don't know," said Harry blankly.

"Well, I am going to tell you; and when you get to the store I want you to tell Mr. Jones; because you've got to learn to do errands for mother so you can do 'em yourself when I'm busy building bridges and things."

Harry's eyes grew wide with dismay as all these new ideas were heaped into his small mind at once, and he was silent.

"Now you listen, Harry, to what I say, for I'm going to tell you what mother wants. One spool of white 24 thread, one spool of black 48 thread, and one spool of pink 50 thread. What does she want?"

"I don't know," said Harry slowly.

"I've just told you! Say what I said."

"I can't," said Harry, vacantly.

"Then listen to me again; mother wants a 24 white spool of thread, a 48 black one and a 50 pink one. There!"

A long pause, during which George's stern blue eyes gazed severely into Harry's clouded black ones, and then George demanded, "What was it?"

"I don't know," repeated Harry helplessly.

"Well, now, Harry, you've got to say what mother wants or I'll warn you with this;" and George pulled a switch from near the fence and waved it threateningly.

Harry was much alarmed, because he had never been threatened before in this

way by George, and he turned to run back toward home.

George brought him back, and said the lesson over again very slowly, all the time brandishing the switch by way of emphasis.

Over and over he told Harry the whole story, and over and over Harry failed. George seated him on a bank, and said: "I'll tell you just once more, Harry, and then if you don't say it, I *will* lick you. Mother wants a 50 pink spool, a 48 black spool, and a 24 white spool of thread. Now."

Harry quivered, gulped, and with a great effort brought out "24 spools white thread—" and losing all remnants of patience, George slashed his little jacket with the switch, and I am afraid he called Harry a "little dunce," forgetting that poor Harry was scarcely more than five years old.

This brought the lesson to a close, for Harry sobbed and wept and George knew he would neither hear nor speak now.

He was himself flushed and weary with the efforts he had been making, and he took Harry by the hand again, and pulled him along, grumbling and fuming, but secretly uneasy lest the merchant, who was a neighbor and friend, might inquire into the cause of Harry's tears.

They soon came to an irrigation canal eight or ten feet wide and perhaps a foot and a half deep, with a bridge across it. The sight of this bridge renewed George's vexation by reminding him of his own dear neglected bridge at home. He determined to scare Harry out of crying, by nearly pushing him into the water, and catching him just in time.

When they reached the middle of the bridge, George suddenly ran against

Harry; and although he tried to catch him, he failed, and down he went with a lusty scream. As it happened, he was on the upper side of the bridge and the water brought him nearer instead of bearing him farther away, and all George had to do was to lie down, stretch out his hands and give Harry a lift. He was just in the act of doing so, when a thought struck him as hard as a snow-ball.

"Why, what a chance I am losing," he thought; "I have always longed to be in the water with my clothes on, and didn't dare to; but if I should fall in a-getting Harry out, I don't see how Mamma or Papa, or even Grandpa could be mad about it."

So the rogue deliberately dropped Harry after getting him more than half out, and *fell in himself*. He said so many funny things to Harry and cut so many funny capers in the water, that Harry laughed as heartily as he had wept before; and when he was quite ready, Master George took Harry by the hand and waded out.

He saw at once that they were not now presentable to do their mother's errand at the store, so they trudged back home to tell the woeful tale of how Harry fell into the water and George got him out.

Their mother was much vexed, and scoffed the idea of there being any reason in the story. She even talked of punishing George; but Grandma Haven was eloquent in his praise, and told her daughter-in-law she hardly deserved to be the mother of such a brave and noble boy, if she thought saving his little brother's life were occasion for punishment; and Mrs. Haven waited.

By the time she had remedied the mischief done to the boys' clothes, there was no more time for sewing that day, and the thread was allowed to wait.

When Mr. Haven came home to

dinner, his mother told in glowing colors the story of his son's heroism; but he listened with an incredulous smile; and just in the most tragic part of the story, he gave George a knowing look that spoiled his appetite.

Mr. Haven had walked over that very bridge on his way home from his office, and *he had been a boy himself once*.

After dinner he invited George to a private interview upstairs, and gave his elder son a lesson whose burden was, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

*Lu Dalton.*

### THIS SIDE AND THE OTHER.

What is wealth, or fame, or power?  
Baubles all that glare and blind us.  
Death comes knocking at our bower,  
Then we leave them all behind us.

When our earthly course is run  
Here we can no longer tarry;  
Deeds of loving kindness done  
Make the only wealth we carry.

Yet we strive for worldly gain  
Till of life we fill the measure,  
Reck'ning not that all is vain,  
Earth hath no abiding treasure.

As we journey on and find  
On what broken reeds we're leaning,  
Naught brings comfort to the mind  
Save the light from heaven gleaming.

Thro' the mists of mortal care  
Wearied souls see light immortal,  
Beaming bright, surpassing fair,  
Beckoning thro' heaven's portal.

Life and death, yea earthly woes,  
Are but steps by which we gather  
To that sacred, sweet repose  
In the presence of our Father.

When we reach the other shore  
What a glad refrain will greet us!  
Friends and loved ones gone before  
Surely will be there to meet us.

One by one we pass away,  
One by one we cross the river,  
Life on earth is hut a day—  
When we pass we live forever.

*Charles Stewart.*

THE

# Juvenile Instructor

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## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### THE JEWS—A PEOPLE OF PROMISE.

A WONDERFUL history has been that of the Jews. The Scriptures give us the record up to the beginning of the Christian era, and many writers have given us the essential points of their history during the last twenty centuries. In this last long period they have been a race without a nation—a scattered, peeled and persecuted people. Their home has been among strangers; they have been regarded with disfavor if not distrust; they have never had a voice as a people in government, and but seldom as individuals. At times they have been subjected to the most cruel and inhuman treatment, being spoiled, driven and slaughtered at the whim of popular prejudice. Yet their peculiarities and attributes remain unchanged. Forced by the pressure of circumstances to assume a position of constant defense (for it may almost be said that every man's hand has been against them as a people) they have had to resort to craft and cunning in order to make any stand at all against the overwhelming odds. As their generations have rolled along, many of these attributes have become emphasized, accentuated and developed to an offensive degree, in the lower and least intelligent of the race, and to "act like a Jew" has been considered a reproach by those who, after all, were more or less

responsible for the Jew acting as he did. Even in his facial characteristics he has maintained in a surprising degree the type of his race, and it is very rarely that any one need be mistaken in recognizing an Israelite at the first glance at his features.

As already stated, many of the traits of present Jewish character have been forced into and upon the race by persecution. Being too weak to meet force with force, they have cultivated and developed shrewdness and subtlety, with which to resist the strength of their opponents. Trade and traffic have furnished the walks of life in which the Jews have preferred to operate, and in commerce and finance they have been and are among the foremost of mankind. Most of the money kings of the old world, and many in the new, are of this race. The famous Rothschild family, operating in London, Paris and Vienna, and dictating at times the policy of Europe, by reason of their control of its purse-strings, is a case in point; and yet it is not so very long ago since the founder of the present house occupied a small corner in the Jewish quarter of Frankfort on the Main, Germany, a city where it was the custom, at a certain hour every night, to shut the Jews in their own streets to prevent their mingling with the rest of the citizens. No doubt many readers will remember the most eminent Jew of modern times, Disraeli, prime minister of England, whose death occurred a few years ago; he was one of the greatest statesmen and diplomatists of the century, and won a place in the British peerage by his own brilliant talents.

Those who live in America can hardly understand the bitterness with which the Jewish race are treated in some parts of the old world. A few generations ago it was



Spain that took the lead in the cruelty and persecution. Germany was not far behind, and England did its share. Later persecutors have been Austria and Russia, and now in the days of its greatest liberty France itself is a hotbed of hatred against them. There are even at this time newspapers in Paris which each day urge a crusade, and try by every kind of appeal to incite the populace to deeds of violence. The Jewish question is not only a social and religious bone of contention in that republic—it is of the most pressing prominence in politics, in the army, in the courts, in all that pertains to the working of the government. So tense has become the feeling that some observers have felt to sound a warning against an impending second St. Bartholomew massacre, in which the Jews, instead of the Catholics as on the previous occasion, were marked for victims. Of like intensity is the feeling in Russia and Austria, where the question has also assumed great political importance, and where, every now and then, there is a fresh outburst of fury.

These very facts, however, have contributed to a generally improved feeling between Christians and Jews in every other part of the world. A natural sympathy has been awakened among those who love justice and fair play, and this has led to a study of the peculiarities of the "despised race" and the discovery of much that is praiseworthy and admirable.

Believers in the Scriptures, as all Latter-day Saints are, cannot be in any doubt as to the destiny of the Jews. They are a people of promise, and they are to have a mighty influence and role in the development of the divine plan. This is why it is interesting to note the various steps and movements

in the world's drama wherein they play a part.

### THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

DEAR, dear, what a time Mary had to get to sleep after all the wonderful events of the wonderful day of the Queen's visit! Her eyes would pop open, and a question would bubble up to her lips every other moment.

At last, after her evening work was done, Mrs. Argyle, who saw at once what ailed Mary, took baby Joey in her arms, and as she rocked him—not to sleep, for he was never rocked to sleep in his life—for pure love and comfort, she sang over all the nursery rhymes she knew, beginning with "Little Boy Blue" and ending with "This is the House that Jack built." The drowsy monotone of her voice, the soft, ever-recurring refrain of the childish rhymes, produced the desired effect, and Mary was soon sound asleep.

The following Friday evening, the Exile came over to tell Brother Argyle that most of the "haoris" or white people were arranging to go up into Kaliuwaa gulch, where the waterfall made such an enchanting piece of island scenery. Could they, the Argyles, go?

After some consultation with Sister Madsen it was arranged that Mrs. Argyle would go, with Papa and Mary, leaving Allan, Tommy, and Baby Joseph with kind Sister Madsen.

Who that has taken that delightful excursion will ever forget it?

The ride in the cool, early morning air, horseback and astride, down to Laie Maloo, along the hard, sandy beach road, the sea dimpling and sparkling like a string of beautiful jewels; the

sky, now grayish-pink, then pinkish-gray and shading into opal green; the shimmer and glory of the water where the sun is sending up great gold pinioned sentinels to clear the way for his coming—there is a yellow gleaming pathway from sea-horizon to dull yellow beach—and see! the sun—the sun! A great flaming egg-like face slowly breaks his watery shell and springs into the pale morning blue; the grassy, moss and fern-covered crests of hills to your right with jagged outlines of trees and volcanic rock thrusting rough outlines into the upper sky! And then the exhilaration of motion and life, which is given by horseback riding, the strong feeling which overpowers even the dullest with a sense of possession and kinship with all this beauty. "The earth was made for man," is the exultant verse which rises to one's lips on such an occasion.

The merry party left the traveled road shortly after sunrise, and followed the dim, grass-grown path up to one of the huge seams which pierce the center mountain, and which on the Islands are called "gulches," instead of canyons, as they are termed in Utah.

Up and still on, and upward! Once inside the gorge or gulch, and the path is very narrow indeed and soon is wet and very slippery. The way must be taken slowly now; Mary was safe, for she, like little Ina, was in her father's arms, and both men were excellent riders.

"Oh, the ferns, and the mosses; oh Mama, look!" cried Mary. And it was beautiful. The silence of dense tropical vegetation hung over the lonely scene. No song of birds was there, for there are very few birds on the Sandwich Islands. Great trees in all stages of growth and decay stood closely together. Rotted were some, and covered with masses of

vines, and great growing garlands of the most exquisite mosses. Young tender sprouts were sheltered for the time under the spreading branches of some noble parent tree in its prime. No frost ever locks these trees in the chill sleep of winter! But they grow on and on until old age cracks and seams their boles, and fills the earth beneath with broken limbs and rotting branches.

Everywhere grew ferns. From the tall tree-like palm-fern, with its curled brown heart stalk, from which was gathered the "pulu" for pillows, to the tiny fairy-like moss fern with its delicate tracery and brown seeded prongs; forty varieties Mary collected and counted that day, her mother having set her the task of finding just as many kinds as she possibly could.

"Won't we have a lovely fern-album when we get home, Mama; and they will be our own ferns too?"

"They are God's ferns, dear. God has filled the earth with beauty, and it belongs to every child of His. Emerson, a great philosopher, says that the poorest man can stand on the hillside belonging to a rich man and enjoy and drink in the glorious beauty of the prospect before him as freely as if he owned every acre. It is not the sense of ownership which should make us enjoy things—that is only a selfish, sordid pleasure; but that pleasure which comes from personal achievement and victory is ever sweet and pure. Not that you own the ferns should make them valuable, but that through struggle and difficulty you procured them, that would make them precious indeed."

"Oh, Mama, I just get tired sometimes of trying to be good and unselfish. It's so easy not to be good."

"So even the Savior found it, dear. He went to fast forty days and nights

to get power to be good. He always prayed and told us to watch and pray."

Mary and her mother were sitting on a little knoll apart from the others while this conversation took place. The women had withdrawn from the vicinity of the cold, deep pool beneath the falls to permit the men to bathe in its depths. The rest of the women had gone off to gather mosses and ferns, for this gulch was noted for its ferns and mosses.

"I don't see what good it does for Papa to come down here and boil sugar. He isn't preaching the Gospel. And you have to work so hard, too; lots harder than you would at home. Why don't President Taylor send other men down here and let my Papa stay at home? We don't do any good."

It was the same old cry. How many women and even some men felt just as little Mary did about this hard mission to the Sandwich Islands. And Mary felt like some young ambitious Elders do, she wanted her Papa to do great, big, showy things.

"Mary," answered Mrs. Argyle, "you must put away from your mind at once the thought and feeling that God ever calls us to do things which are unnecessary or too difficult. Papa never grumbles, he is satisfied. And I fear my little girl has heard other people talking. Let me tell you that some of the greatest men of our Church have had their beginnings on these Islands. President George Q. Cannon came here when he was a mere boy. And the wonderful work that he did lives today in the hearts of this dusky people. I must read you the story of his great mission here and you will never feel so again. Our own dear Exile had his first mission here also. And you know what a great and good man he is."

The little girl listened with interest.

She had in her hand a beautiful feathery maiden-hair fern. Her mother took it from her and laying it open in her palm said:

"This dear little fern has grown up in this quiet, far-away nook where the foot of man seldom comes. No eye but God's perceived its birth, its life, or may witness its death and change. Look at that lovely bank of moss on yonder tree! For whom is it spreading out its wealth of beauty? See the mass of ferns swaying at your left, a very tree in size and strength. For whom does all this gorgeous beauty bloom and blossom? For God alone! What if every tiny fern and all the lofty trees were to become dissatisfied with their lonely and unadmired lives and had power to wither away and die? We would find a wilderness about us. No, my child, every leaf and blossom, each tiny insect and each plant and animal have all a place in God's strict economy. You and I could not drop out of life, no matter how weak or humble we may be, without something being lost. We have our work to do, and if we leave it undone, God will have to call in some other hand to pick up the pattern where we left it off and go on weaving the fabric of eternal life. This is big talk for you, but you understand me, do you not?"

"Yes, Mama, some of it. But I wish that Papa didn't have to boil sugar."

"Mary, dear, you grieve me!"

Then the child's arms flew up and about the mother's neck, and she whispered,

"I didn't mean it, Mama. Don't feel bad, I won't talk that way."

Mrs. Argyle recognized the strength of character which lay under the persistency of her little daughter, and she was not displeased. But something must be

done to turn the child's thoughts from discontent and homesickness. What should it be?

As the party drove homeward over the sandy beach, a thought came to the mother, and she decided to put it into active operation. Mrs. Argyle was a reader; and her varied store of knowledge gathered from books and magazines had given her some little idea about kindergarten training.

The next day, the mother cooked her best dinner, set the house in its most exquisite order, and kept the children in extra good humor with various devices till the father came home.

Mr. Argyle did not notice the details which went to make up the general air of good cheer and festivity in his humble home that night, but he felt the influence thereof and was mellowed and made pliable thereby.

After the dinner was over, Mrs. Argyle said,

"Thomas, I would like to have a load of sand hauled into the little yard here at the back-door; could you manage that for me?"

"Sand, Jane? What on earth do you want sand hauled up here for, there's a whole ocean of it a mile away?"

"I want it for the children to play in, my dear."

"To play in! What next? Don't they spend two or three hours every day playing in sand on the beach?"

"Yes, but I have some special plays in view, Thomas, and I do wish you would oblige me."

"The sand'll all blow away here with the trade winds, or it'll spread out all into the grass, and won't last a week, Jane."

Mrs. Argyle dropped the subject at that time, for she knew very well what her course must be to get the sand

which she had set her heart upon having.

Every day at the most propitious time; when her husband kissed her good-by at the porch; in the cool dawn when he was fresh and rested; as they walked hand in hand on the beach talking of home and parents; at such moments the wife would mention the sand and ask to have it hauled up.

It came at last, Mr. Argyle remarking as he dumped it down on the thick grass carpet just inside the tiny yard,

"There's your sand, Jane, and it won't be here a week. It'll all blow away and disappear in the grass. And the children won't touch it after today."

The wife went up to him and said simply:

"I'm so much obliged, Thomas, you're so good," and she put up her lips for the kiss which her lover-husband was always ready to bestow.

The children were delighted with their new acquisition, and spoons and knives disappeared in the sand, and a search of the pile became a daily necessity.

But Mrs. Argyle had a purpose in view. Mary and Allan were getting old enough to study a little.

That afternoon, as soon as the dinner dishes were put away, clean and tidy, the mother led the children out to the sand-pile.

"Let us make some mountains," said Mrs. Argyle.

"What are mountains," asked Allan.

"Them's mountains," said Mary sentimentally, pointing to the high hills inland.

"Those are mountains," corrected the mother. Mary repeated the sentence correctly, then the mother went on,

"Now, dears, I can tell you in words what a mountain is, but you would not understand me very well. It is a very

high elevation of land. But if you will watch me I will make one for you."

The children watched with wide-open, eager eyes while the sand was piled up and patted and shaped into rolling hills which led up to one high, craggy, precipitous mountain.

Canyons or gulches were formed out of the crevices in between the ledges.

By this time, the children were all extremely anxious to make some mountains themselves; so the mother wisely withheld any further instruction, and joined in the happy play of the little ones.

The next day, creeks and rivers were the special subject for study and play. Real water was tried, but the sand was too coarse to hold it long, so little pieces of broken glass and even strips of paper served to show where the river courses threaded the miniature land.

Lakes, islands, promontories and coves were next studied. The elements of physiography were thus taken up and explained. And when the children gradually reached the specialized work of making counterpart of their own island, Oahu, their delight knew no bounds.

The only difficulty the mother had now to encounter was to control the impatience of the children till such time as she could leave her household duties and go out with them to the sand-pile.

On Sundays, there were five meetings to attend.

At eight o'clock the Sunday School began, and the three restless children must be ready on time. There was usually a little row with Tommy, who decidedly objected to wearing his blue velvet fez, and bawled lustily nearly all the way to the meeting-house for his "old tap."

At ten o'clock, Mrs. Argyle herself sallied forth with baby Joey to the regular Latter-day Saints services.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the Heni Opio or Y. M. M. I. A. met, and at 3 o'clock there was a general testimony meeting for the natives, who loved to preach, the native women taking their share of the time with alacrity and lusty vigor.

At 7 o'clock in the evening the white people held services at the mission house for their own benefit.

Papa Argyle, as president of the Laie Branch, attended all five of the meetings; but the children were wearied out with the Sunday School and regular ten o'clock meeting, and Mama stayd at home with them through the long, hot afternoons and honestly tried to inculcate in them a love of the peaceful Sabbath day.

*Homespun.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### LIFE AND DEATH.

'Twas in the early spring time,  
The woods were fresh and gay,  
Echoing the wild birds' chime  
Throughout the happy day.  
Tiny blades of grass peeped forth  
To catch the sun's bright rays,  
And witness the joy and mirth  
Of these sunshiny days;

When through the merry woodland  
A maiden tripped so gay,  
Strewing with her fairy hand  
Bright flow'rs along the way.  
Where her tiny feet had trod  
Gay flowers quick did bloom;  
Fairest lilies decked the sod,  
Gave the breezes sweet perfume.

Following the maiden gay  
A lonely youth e'er walk'd  
Solemnly along the way,  
He in her foot-prints stalked.

Where his icy touch did fall  
 The sweet flow'rs soon would die;  
 Dark his shadow fell on all,  
 And death where it did lie.

And as they journeyed onward  
 Bright flow'rs the maid did strew;  
 The fairest ones he gathered  
 And bore from mortal view.

"Oh, leave me!" cried the maiden,  
 "Why art thou always nigh?"  
 He answered, heavy laden,  
 "The bright and fair must die.

"I am the Master's reaper,  
 I reap where thou dost sow,  
 And bear unto the Master  
 From earthly sin and woe.

Fair maid, I cannot leave thee;  
 Thy wishes are but vain;  
 It grieves me to bereave thee,  
 My way is one of pain.

"Thy path is full of pleasures,  
 While mine is filled with woe;  
 Thy presence brings fair treasures,  
 And mine but sees them go.  
 All hearts will bid thee welcome,  
 But all my presence shun,  
 For Life is e'er delightful;  
 But Life and Death are one."

The glad springtime fast ripened  
 Into the bright June days,  
 And lovely roses opened  
 To greet the sun's bright rays.  
 The fields are deck'd in scarlet,  
 In gold and purple dye—  
 The reaper plucked the fairest  
 For gardens in the sky.

Within the cot where sorrow  
 Today had not been known,  
 The reaper came tomorrow  
 And bore the fairest home.  
 From palaces he stayed not,  
 He chose the fairest there,  
 They plead but yet he swayed not,  
 Nor listened to their prayer.

"I do the Master's bidding,  
 My hand I cannot stay.  
 The flow'rs I plucked are living  
 In gardens far away.  
 The dear ones whom thou mournest  
 In brighter mansions dwell,  
 For I must take the fairest—  
 The Master doeth well."

The summer days were waning  
 In bright September's sun,  
 And autumn leaves were falling  
 So gently one by one.  
 Then forward stalked the reaper,  
 The end was drawing nigh,  
 And gathered for the Master,  
 For bright and fair must die.

And earth was bowed with sadness,  
 And hearts were filled with woe.  
 "Come back with all your gladness,  
 Dear Life, pray do not go.  
 Oh, stay Death's hand we pray thee,  
 Bring back those bygone hours;  
 Oh, let our prayers now sway thee,  
 Call back our lovely flow'rs."

"Oh Death, dear Death, do hear me,  
 Oh stay thy hand, I pray!"  
 "Though, dearest Life, I hear thee,  
 My hand I cannot stay."  
 "Oh then, dear Death, pray take me,  
 I'm worn with grief and care."  
 "Not yet, dear Life," replied he,  
 "Wait longer, maiden fair."

But when the winds of winter  
 Were wailing o'er the lea,  
 She heard Death's low voice call her,  
 "Dear Life, I wait for thee."  
 In his strong arms he bore her  
 Afar beyond the sky,  
 Where all the fair are fairer,  
 And bright and fair ne'er die.

*Laura C. Moench.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

### ADDRESSES AT THE RECENT SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

THE semi-annual meeting of the Sunday Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was held in the Tabernacle in this city on the evening of Sunday, April 9th. Opening remarks were made by General Superintendent George Q. Cannon in the nature of a tribute to his late assistant, Elder George Goddard, whose death was noted in these columns; and closing remarks

by the same speaker comprised answers to questions which had been submitted. Both addresses may appropriately find a place this week in the department allotted to "Topics of the Times."

Following are the opening remarks:

I feel constrained to make a few remarks at the opening of our meeting in relation to our late Assistant Superintendent and warm friend, Elder George Goddard. I know you will all miss him, as we do who are his co-laborers. His voice, his genial presence, his humorous manner of treating all questions, and the interest that he succeeded in throwing into everything connected with the Sunday School work, will be missed in all these meetings. We look around us and ask ourselves: "Who can fill his place?" He was unique, warm-hearted and thoroughly in earnest in all that he did for the Sunday School cause. It was dearer to him than his own comfort or convenience. He did an amount of travel that I felt was too much for one of his years; but he was untiring in his labors and took delight in them, and he was sustained by the Lord, for the Lord bestowed blessings upon him and made him the means of doing an immense amount of good. It would be difficult to calculate upon the amount of good that our departed friend and brother has performed in this cause. He will be known and remembered by the rising generation to an extent, probably, unequaled by any other man, because his manners were such as endeared him to all children. They felt he was their friend; they admired and revered him, as well as the parents and all those associated with him. I am sure that you will feel with me that we have had what might be termed in one respect an irreparable loss. It is true that it is a saying among us that there is no man

living but what can be spared; and the work goes on after his departure—even after the departure of the most prominent of men. But probably Elder Goddard filled a niche in our affections and work—our Sunday School work—that we shall find it very difficult to fill. But the Lord, of course, we know can raise up faithful laborers. Brother Goddard's example, in his efforts and untiring zeal, will, I hope, be followed by all interested in this work, and I hope we will try with greater diligence to carry it forward and to do the work that he would do if he were here in our midst.

I felt to say these few words, and I know in giving expression to these thoughts and feelings, though but feebly, I am also expressing the thoughts and feelings of your hearts. We all mourn his departure. Of course, his departure is for his gain, but it is a serious loss to us.

I pray God that the spirit that he manifested in this work may rest down upon us all to an increased extent, that through our devotion and zeal we may, in some measure, make up for this loss. I ask this in the name of Jesus. Amen.

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Following are the closing remarks:

There are only a few minutes left, and I do not wish to occupy but those few minutes.

There are some questions that have been submitted to us, that is, to the Sunday School Union Board, which it is thought proper to answer.

One is, Who shall preside in the Sunday School when all the superintendency are absent?

There should be no question about this: if they are all going to be absent they should arrange for somebody to take



charge in their absence, either the teacher who has charge of the Theological class or some other suitable teacher, that the school may not be left without a proper person to take charge.

As to the appointment of Sunday School missionaries, superintendents and officers, all this should be done by consent of the Bishop or with his approval. The question has been asked: Shall the superintendent appoint such officers or shall the Bishop appoint? There should be no conflict with regard to this. There should be perfect harmony between the president of the Stake and the superintendent of the Sunday Schools—the Stake superintendent or the Ward superintendent—and both should work together. Of course, it is understood, however, that a superintendent of a Stake has no right to act without the Bishop. The Bishop presides in his Ward; the president of the Stake presides in his Stake, and all officers under either of these organizations are subject to them. Therefore, a superintendent should consult with the Bishop or with the president of the Stake; however, a Bishop or Stake president will not appoint without consulting with the superintendent. He will pay respect to the officer that has charge of the Sunday School and will not act, if he is a prudent, wise Bishop, without consulting with that officer.

There are other topics to speak upon, but I cannot take time to dwell upon them. There is one subject, I think, however, that should be taught in our Sunday Schools more than it is, and that is courtesy. There is a rudeness about our children that ought to be corrected. There is not respect paid by boys to girls, by young men to women, and there is manifest in our streets very frequently a want of respect to the weaker sex and

to aged people, upon which, I think, very profitable lessons may be given to our children. You will notice it during muddy weather. I have seen it many times—a person driving a team and a lady crossing the street—our streets have been seas of mud at times—he drives along and splashes mud over a lady on the street and then laughs at it, as though he had done something smart. Now you will see much discourtesy and rudeness of this kind. We see it constantly; and yet, the boys and men that are guilty of this are not so inclined naturally, but it is for want of proper training, and they ought to be trained. We can train them in the Sunday Schools. This rudeness will be seen there and at other gatherings. It can be seen at times when children are going out of a car or going out of a door, the strong boys will push forward and crowd the girls and little ones that are weaker than they are, and rush out regardless of the comfort or, indeed, of the safety of the smaller children and girls.

Brethren and sisters, it is a good place in our Sunday Schools to teach lessons of politeness and kindness—to teach our boys to be kind and gentlemanly and to teach our girls to be lady-like. Let us try and raise up a generation of gentlemen and ladies. A man raised as a Latter-day Saint is naturally, if he lives his religion, a gentleman, and the girl or woman raised as a Latter-day Saint is naturally a lady, but they do not know how, sometimes, to behave themselves, and they ought to be taught. This rudeness in crossing the streets and splashing mud, no doubt many of you have noticed.

I pray God to bless us and to help us to remember the instructions we have received this evening, which I ask in the name of the Lord. Amen.

## Our Little Folks.

A LESSON TAUGHT BY LARKS.

How many of our readers have heard the story of the lark, which had her nest in a ripening field of grain, and made two or three very clever excuses before she moved her family away from the danger that seemed to threaten them? There are no doubt some readers who have not heard it, and it is good enough to bear repeating anyway.

Of course this story is what may be called a fable—that is, it is not true, or at least there is no way of proving it to be true, but it points a moral all the same. In this instance, it is manifestly untrue, for it refers to an intelligent conversation among a family of larks, when everybody knows that larks don't talk—they merely sing.

Well, the story is that on returning to her nest one fine afternoon, a mother lark was met by her more timid partner, who had been left in charge of the house, with the news that unless the family moved right away, they were certain to be all destroyed.

"That's a very startling matter," exclaimed the mother-lark; "what can possibly be going to happen?"

"Oh," said the father lark, "the farmer and his son came into the field an hour ago, and, finding the grain ripe and ready for harvesting, they concluded to cut it tomorrow. 'Do you go,' said the farmer to the boy, 'and secure the assistance of your uncles and cousins. The grain is quite ripe, the field is large, and if our relatives will come and help us, the work will be quickly done.'"

"Is that all?" inquired the mother-lark pleasantly. "Well, children, we'll not need to move tomorrow. Go right

along with your singing practice and your picnic, for there will be no harvesting of this grain tomorrow."

The next day came, and notwithstanding the weather was fine and clear, the work of the harvesters did not begin. The farmer and his son were on hand, but the uncles and cousins did not appear. So, after waiting around a few hours, the farmer, who appeared very angry, said: "Ned, my lad, our relatives have failed us; and yet the grain must be harvested. Run around to our neighboring farmers, Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones and Mr. Robinson, and ask them to be sure to meet us here tomorrow morning, prepared to help us for the day, for the grain is already fully ripe and must be attended to without further delay."

When the mother lark was told of all this,—and those who told it seemed to be in a state of fine alarm—she again smiled in true bird fashion and replied: "That means still another day of peace for us, my dear mate and children. I can safely promise you that we will not be interrupted or interfered with tomorrow."

Sure enough, the morrow came, but the neighbors didn't. The day was perfect for harvesting, and the golden grain nodded gently in the breeze. This time the farmer became nearly furious after waiting around in vain two or three hours for the help which he expected. But his anger did not bring the neighbors, neither did it harvest any grain.

At last he exclaimed: "My son, it's no use. This grain is over-ripe and it must be cut. We cannot wait any longer upon others, we must go at the work ourselves. At sunrise tomorrow, therefore, we will be here, and if we cannot do it all in one day we will at least do some of it, and work at the rest of it

the next day, and so on until it is finished."

With this agreement the impatient pair strode off. Meanwhile the lark family had come to the conclusion that their mother understood things pretty well, and their alarm began to wear off. When the lady-bird came home, they laughingly told her of the latest conversation which they had heard, and reckoned in their innocent way that they need not be in any hurry about moving away.

The wise old mother, on the contrary,

was now in a state of the utmost excitement. "This means business; it is time to be getting away," she declared. "Pack up all your things and get ready for a move bright and early tomorrow. After a man has been disappointed one day by his relatives and the next day by his neighbors, he is in a frame of mind to mean what he says. All these may fail him; but when they have once done so, and he decides to do without them, he is generally not to be trifled with further. If the farmer and his son

decided to proceed with this harvesting themselves, they will be here. And just about as soon as we can wake up tomorrow morning, we had better fly off, without even waiting for breakfast."

The sun had hardly risen the next day when the lark family was astir. Voices were



soon thereafter heard from the direction of the field gate, and the mother bird, with a song in her throat, mounted swiftly into the air to take a look around. The farmer and his son were on the ground as they had agreed, and as they prepared for work by removing their coats and laying aside their lunch basket, the father lark and the young ones, who during these last few days had been rapidly learning to use their wings, followed the wise and energetic mother, and were soon out of harm's way.

It is not necessary to take up much space in explaining the moral of this story. Every reader can see for himself that the lesson taught is simply this, that the surest way to get a thing done is to do it yourself. Relatives are not always willing to give help when help is most needed, and neighbors are even more uncertain, because each one has his own affairs to look after, and cannot consider these of less importance than the needs of his neighbors. He who depends on himself, however, is in the best position. The



assistance of others may be highly appreciated and thankfully received, but the failure to receive it does not mean entire loss or ruin to himself. C.

## BIRDS.

Gladly singing in the morning  
Little birdies are so gay;



In the fragrant meadow flitting,  
Singing carols all the day.

Little birdies grow in summer,  
For their parents mate in spring;  
Birdies playful, happy songsters,  
How their little voices ring!

Robin red-breast, lark and blackbird,  
And the cute canary, too,  
God has sent to make you happy,  
All their throats are tuned for you.

They depart from us in autumn  
From the meadow, from the hay,  
Leaving all their nests behind them.  
To return again in May.

*Hugo E. Anderson, age 9 years.*

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#### FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

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WEST JORDAN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: This is the first time I ever wrote for a magazine, but I always like to read the letters in the JUVENILE and thought I would write one. I go to Sunday School and like my class and teacher very much. My grandpa, Simon Hibbard, is on a mission in England, in the London Conference.

*Iva L. Hibbard, age 11 years.*

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HYDE PARK, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE-BOX: I have been reading your letters, and like them very much. If we are kind and good, we can make our parents happy; for my part, I love my mama and papa very much. My little sister died when she was two and a half years old. I am now seven and am going to the Logan Temple to get baptized when I am eight; my birthday will be the 6th of June.

I have a pet lamb—her name is Libby.

She will play peek-a-boo around the haystack with us.

I know the Lord will bless us and heal us when we are sick if we pray for each other. Once my cousin was very sick; we all prayed for her and she got well; and so have my playmates when I have asked God to bless them.

*Vinnie Seamons.*

---

DEAR LETTER-BOX: My mama takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and I love to read the little letters. We live in the Fifteenth Ward, and I go to Sunday School and Primary meetings, and I love my teachers very much. I also go to the Fremont school and I am in the 2nd class. I have had six brothers and one sister but four of my brothers and my sister are dead. This is my first letter and I hope to see it in the INSTRUCTOR soon.

*Hazel M. Malquist, aged 7 years.*

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PAROWAN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: Our Primary has just had a nice operetta called "Golden Hair and the Three Bears." We have very nice times in our Sunday Schools and Primaries. My papa has gone on a mission to Montana. We feel very lonesome without him, but we know the Gospel is true and are willing for him to stay till he has filled an honorable mission.

*Rhoda Matheson. Age 9.*

---

JOSEPH, SEVIER CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: In our Primary we are being taught on the life of the Prophet Joseph. When my little brother was two years old, one day he was playing near the canal and fell in. Some of the children were playing outside and heard him crying. They went to the canal and saw him floating on the water. He floated a full block before we got

him; but we thanked the Lord for saving his life.

*Iretta Parker, age 12 years.*

WOOD'S CROSS, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am a little boy nine years old. I have a pet cat named Tom. He is a very good cat. I also have a pet cow. Every night and morning I give her some hay and water. When I was very small I went to the door of the cellar and my foot slipped and I fell heavily to the floor. I will tell you more about my troubles next time, and will now close.

*Horton Fackrell.*

VERNAL, UTAH CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: There were four Y. M. M. I. A. missionaries here in this Stake the past winter. Their labors were much appreciated. They held ninety-six public meetings, twenty-two cottage meetings, and baptized eighty-five people. On the night of Feb. 14 the members of Millward had a farewell party in honor of the missionaries. They had an excellent program then ate their picnic and closed with a dance. The next morning they took their flight homeward.

*Marinda Allen, age 13 years.*

BRIGHAM, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I know the Gospel is true and can bear testimony to it. When I was about ten years old I ran away with my brother and my cousin to slide on some ice on a pond. It was on a Sunday. When we were sliding on the ice it broke and I fell in where the water was over my head. I got hold of the ice and my brother pulled me out. This gave me a warning against playing on Sunday. Since then I have tried to do good every day—never to let my

tongue utter an untruthful word; to love my enemies; to avoid swearing; to keep the commandments of God; to follow the counsels of good men; and never to have an evil thought against my neighbor. I try to do things which are pleasing in the sight of God; never to let my mind slip an evil thought; and to be good-hearted in all things. I seek for testimonies; pray for them that are in darkness, and try to be wise in little things.

*Niels Anderson, Jr., age 14 Years.*

SCIPIO, MILLARD CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER BOX: Two or three of us girls got together and thought we would write to the Letter-Box. We want to tell you what a good time we had in the Maple Grove on the eighth of last June. The Sunday School from Scipio and Redmond went up there. We had a program. It is a very pretty place, there was a pretty spring not far away. We stayed over-night. We had two dances, a big one and a little one.

*Evelyn Matthews, age 12 years.*

*Esther E. Esklund, age 13 years.*

#### A PROPOSITION IN ANALOGY.

A big, woolly dog, with a deep bass growl,

And a rival cur with an angry howl,

Both snarling and eager for the fray,

And only a big fence in the way—

But each showed a dangerous, glittering eye,

As he on his side snarled a bold, fierce defi.

"Yow wow!" growled the woolly—"Brrr-wrr!" howled the cur;

"I'll chew," said the woolly, "your flea-bitten fur!"

"You can't—you're a coward!" the rival cur cried,

"And I'll eat you alive if you'll come outside!"

Thus they chased and they raced and growled their hate,

When they suddenly came to an open gate.

They looked at each other with wide-open eyes,

And both dropped their tails 'tween their legs in surprise—

And each, without thought for good breeding or taste,

Gave one frightened yelp and retreated in haste.

It seemed, as the dogs at a break-neck speed ran,

That there's something analogous 'twixt dog and man. *Selected.*

### THE MISSIONARY'S SONG OF HOME.

WORDS BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

MUSIC BY MRS. C. E. S. NORTON.

*Allegretto.*

1. Near lofty mountains, Crowned with Winter's treasured snow, Down from whose fountains  
2. Oft, fond e-motion Watts my wand'ring thoughts away, Far o'er the ocean,

Crystal streamlets flow, There's a hab - i - ta - tion Best of all 'neath heaven's dome,  
Where they love to stray, To that land of beauty— While a-way from it I roam—

*Slower.* *A Tempo.*  
In a place called U - tah— 'Tis my mountain home. U - tah, O  
To the midst of dear ones, To my mountain home. U - tah, O

*Tenderly.*  
Utah, Peaceful home beyond the sea, Utah, O Utah, Oft I think of thee.  
Utah, Blessed home I love so well, Utah, O Utah, Where my loved ones dwell.



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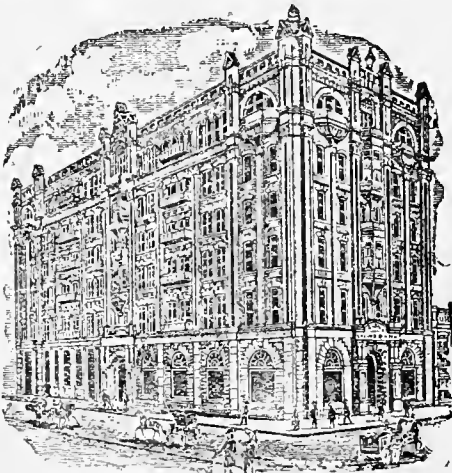
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